Once there was a young blood who considered himself the entire Roquefort. Dad was there with a perfectly healthy bank roll and at times he slipped the kid enough to wear silk ribbons for shoe laces and clothes of the colleger cut. The youth himself always affected brilliant cravats and a powdered expression.

He opined that with the girl folks he could neither be beaten nor tied. One look at Prosperous Percy was enough, so he thought. His grandeur would drive them batty.

It so happened that one fair thing was "nuts" over Percy. She was a young dear, not pretty enough to sing in the chorus, but when she "dolled" herself up nobody would stop and say, "Gee, there goes a homely moll." And, besides, Gwendoline had 200,000 bucks in her own right and maybe a couple of more in her left.

She proposed to Percy one evening, but the young man waved her away. He wanted a Lillian Russell for looks with a Pierpont Morgan bank account—nothing else would do at all. At any rate, the bride of the perfect little scamp must have a roll as big as the old man was spending. So with a crisp goodby Percy cranked the spark and went over the hill on his high.

It so happened that a few days after some tout grabbed Percy's old man and sent him in against a wheat deal. Persy Sr. blowed the roll and Percy Jr. was reduced from the Maryland chafing dishes to the ham and egg counter. This would not have been so bad were it not for the fact that about the only work the young man had brains enough to do was to sling a pick.

Then the youth remembered Gwendoline. She wasn't a half bad looking girl and that 200 thou looked better than two-fifty per day. Percy called on her that night, only to find that she had eloped the day before with the milkman. Percy finally wound up by hitching to his widowed boarding house keeper (aged 58) to insure himself against work and possible starvation.

Moral—You can't drink soup with a fork.

FORGOT IT.

She—What excuse have you for your condition?

He—I had a good 'un, but I can't think what it was.